

Poem by Liberty Rose Elgart

26th Street in Manhattan

firehouse workers are up to their waists in tired, thick piles up to my waist the once bright roses and daisies are yellowing into browns in tired, thick piles by dimming candlelight time creeps and turns us into paper thin digitized photographs

staring straight through me are posters row after row falling into useless epitaphs rotting into headstones large lettering like blackened teeth Sodden paper bells tolling out:

“My Mother Is Missing.” the little boy pictured in her arms has already worn black and stood beside her empty coffin

“My Husband Is Missing” her wedding band holds her in death's vice grip I have to keep walking

“My Sister Is missing” keep walking or I'll drown “If you see her call...” meaningless

“My Best Friend Is Missing” missing missing.... I have to go to a dentist appointment meaningless impossible the end of the block I want to lie down on the pavement and weep we all do

instead we keep our appointments.